

Long time ago, in a far away land

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Summary: Hiccup is a prince, and as a prince he should know what his path is. But when he meets a mysterious boy named Jack his entire life begins to change... (Aladdin!AU, HiJack)

Long time ago, in a far away land

Hello everyoneee! This the first fanfic I've ever published, so I'm a bit anxious ;_;

>Anyway, I decided to write this fic for a girl I, uhm, "met" let's say, on Tumblr. She said she would have liked to read an AladdinRotG/HTTYD crossover fanfic so, well, here I am.

>I hope you like it guys- I've checked it many times, but If there are some grammar errors it's because my english sucks.
Sorry for my babbling, here you go. Enjoy.

A long time ago, in a far-away land, some spices and cloth traders founded a little village in the middle of a dry desert, a land perpetually ruled by an overwhelming heat. It was nothing more than an oasis, a shelter in the middle of nowhere, but soon enough it began growing and expanding, and after years of economic and social growth, the little village became a kingdom.

>The sultan, Stoick, was a huge man with a thick beard, on his fifties. He was a magnanimous ruler, and that night of many, many years ago, he had organized a sort of ceremony to make his son choose his future wife. Almost the whole kingdom was invited to the celebration.
The royal palace was literally shining. The golden columns had been polished, the opulent windows cleaned and the floor was sparkling like a mirror. Everything was perfect and ready for the celebration, every single thing was in its place.

>When twilight came, the massive front gate opened, and many people began flowing in the golden hall.
Stoick and his son went to the end of the long hallway, where the older one sat down on a throne leaving the boy on his side. The sultan, dressed in luxurious clothes, a turban of the same color on his head and many golden jewels on his body, began shaking hands and welcoming his guests by

smiling at them in a friendly way.

>The slender boy at his side, dressed in clothes very similar to his father's, was waving shyly at the persons, just to show them that the sultan's son didn't spend entire days in his imaginary world. Some of them greeted back at him, but the most of them stared at him, then turned on their heels and walked away without saying a word, making their expensive cloaks swing. The boy groaned. He wanted to be everywhere but there.
Suddenly, the boy's head bent under the weight of the way to heavy turban that slid over his face, covering his right eye. The turban's fabric was one of the most exquisite ones, imported by his father from a far-away country in the region of who-knows. The brown-haired boy tried to put it on his head again but the problematic turban slid again, covering half of his face.

>"Err, father? Is this thing really... necessary?" he whispered to the sultan, trying not to appear as a stupid. It wouldn't have been nice if people saw the sultan's son fighting against a turban that was trying to kill him.
Stoick ended greeting the guests and said "Hiccup, this evening is dedicated to you. At least, try not to make me do improper figures."

>Hiccup snorted "You know it's useless. I won't marry anyone."
"Son, this kingdom needs an heir. And the heir needs a wife, if he doesn't want the dynasty to end."

>"But dad, I don't want to get married! I..." words died in his mouth as his mind flew away, lost in memories.
I love...

_Flashback-

>That morning, Hiccup was told to go to the open-air market and buy some fish and some particular spices. It was a very sultry day, and in spite of the hot weather, the boy was forced by the servants to wear a heavy cape. He was the sultan's son, he just couldn't exit the palace and go freely for a walk. He needed to hide his identity from the eyes of the crowd, in order to avoid any kind of problems.

>"Ok, ok, now let me go!" shouted Hiccup, while a few girls were adjusting the cape on his shoulders.
They giggled and went back to their duties, waving at the boy. A blonde girl stayed, then approached Hiccup and pinched his nose "Don't get lost, you hare-brained."

>"Well, it happens that I know the marketplace like one of my pockets, Astrid."
"You don't have pockets" she objected, as she looked at him "All right, go now. And try not to make another apple seller chase you like the other day, please."

>"THAT WAS AN ACCIDENT!" yelled Hiccup as he ran out of the palace. He could have sworn that someone was giggling behind him, but he decided to ignore Astrid for the moment and keep going on.
Lowering the cap on his face he walked for a while, until he found the marketplace.

>The noisy atmosphere immediately hit him, with the bright colors of the stands and the strong smell of the spices. As he entered the marketplace, he heard some screams in the distance.
"The royal guards must be trailing some thief" he thought out loud, avoiding by a hair a children that was running after another, both laughing and with wood swords in their hands.

>"Let's see..." said Hiccup holding a piece of paper with some scribbling on it. He tried to stretch the collar of his cape, as the heat was slowly trying to suffocate him. "Fish... Where could the fish stand b-"

_STOMP!

>Suddenly, his body lost his balance as something hit him. Some grains of sand made him instantaneously blind, and he took a few

moments to focus again. He realized he was lying on the sandy ground. A person was standing in front of him and was staring at him, once in a while looking nervously at the alley he was probably from.

>"Hey, are you ok?" asked hurriedly the one standing on his feet. Hiccup nodded, then he tried to stand up but a sharp pain at his ankle made him fall again. The boy held his foot with both hands and whined.
"Nnngh!"

>Hiccup heard some voices approaching "Here he is!"
"Damn it!" The white-haired boy turned once again to the narrow passage, uncertain whether to leave on the ground the other one or help him to hide, even if it wasn't really necessary.

>Besides, he was the one that was running away from the royal guards.
He cast another glance at the boy on the ground, who was still holding his sprained ankle in his hands, and he bit his lower lip. "This time I'll get in serious trouble!" he said, then picked up Hiccup and bolted through the square, nimbly avoiding people who blocked the way, and then disappeared into the shadows of a narrow passage.

>Hiccup slowly looked up at his temporary means of transport, as he could see the bright sky above him: it was a young man with white hair and beautiful blue eyes, half-closed in concentration. The stranger's chest expanded and retreated to the rhythm of his breath, and his heart was pumping energetically.
He didn't know how to explain this, but Hiccup felt he could trust him. Besides, If he only tried to resist, he definitely wouldn't be able to do much. He was such a weak boy, everyone knew that. As if that wasn't enough, the heat of the afternoon got the better of him. Her eyelids slowly closed, and his consciousness began to fade away, until the senses left him completely, defenceless, at the mercy of a total stranger.

A few minutes later, Hiccup slowly opened his eyes. The emerald irises analyzed the place in where he was: it was a kind of room with brick walls, a dirty tent against a wall and objects of different kinds all over the floor.

>"Good morning!" said a quite deep voice "I have some bread, you want?"
"Where...?" the brown-haired boy tried to sit up, but a sharp pain in his head silenced him "Nnngh ..."

>"Nope, not so fast. You're in a quite bad state, you're fortunate that I managed to rescue you, too." said the other one as he approached and held out a piece of bread to Hiccup "It's not the best quality, but it's still food. Anyway, I've never seen you. You're new around here? Where...?"
"Wait a minute" interrupted Hiccup "Who... who are you?"

>"Me? It's been a while since someone asked my name. Many years, If I'm not wrong." said the other deep in thought "However, you can call me Jack."
What an unusual name. Well, mine is that normal too, thought Hiccup.

>"So, where do you come from?" Jack asked again "You don't see a pretty girl like you walking around in places like this everyday, do you?"
"A girl?" frowned Hiccup.

>Jack gave him a quizzical look "Yep. Do you even have to ask to know it?"
"I'm a boy." said the brown-haired one crossing his arms.

>"...Really? Wow, I could have sworn you were a girl." admitted Jack chuckling and reaching out a hand to brush slightly his cheek "You're... kinda cute, you know."
Badump.

>Hiccup's face color became an interesting shade of crimson, while the white-haired boy laughed.
Me? Cute...? What the hell-

>"Anyway," said Jack chewing some bread "If you want, I can teach you how things work here. Y'know, life is very hard for us, you'll never get used to this. You try to take an apple and the guards chase you all day... The royal family must be having a great time while we're starving at their feet, huh. "
Hiccup stopped him. He needed to tell him the truth before it was too late.
>"Jack, wait. Let me explain. I'm... I'm the son of the sultan, and-"
"You _what?_" Jack's eyes widened in surprise.
>"That's right. I'm... the heir to the throne."<p>

"...Of course. I was just wondering where you could have found clothes like yours, but this explains everything" said Jack narrowing his eyes "You know, people like me and rich people don't get along very well. Anyway, it was nice to make your acquaintance." he said, standing up.

>"Wait!" shouted out Hiccup, almost desperate. Then he wondered what had made him grasp the other's arm, not to let him go. "Look, uh, I..." Hiccup swallowed. He had to come up with something, and fast. Jack stared at him, bored, and when he was about to move aside Hiccup's hand, the other one exclaimed "I... I have a proposal for you!"
The white-haired boy turned and planted his cobalt eyes in the green ones of the other. Hiccup looked back at Jack and swallowed again "C-come to the palace. You'll be able to start a new life there, you can start from the begin-"

>"And you invite so light-heartedly all the strangers you meet? And what do you think your dad will say? That he will greet me like an old friend, without asking anything?" Jack interrupted him skeptical. He then puffed out his cheeks and imitated the Sultan "Of course, son. We just needed one more servant! Welcome to the palace of slaves!" The boy sat down again shaking his head "Please."

>"You need a home, Jack. I'm offering you a chance to change your life in better. It's just a way to repay you for putting yourself in danger and, well, for offering me hospitality." Hiccup said, standing up and wrapping himself into the mantle. The pain at the ankle was considerably decreased, and the temperature was much more lower than before, making it a lot easier to breathe. "I'll talk to my father, I'll try to persuade him." he lowered the brown cap on his face "Every Tuesday I come to the market. If you change your mind let me know."
Jack watched him leaving and giggled when he saw him stumbling awkwardly on the cracked step that led outside. He was really adorable, with those flushed cheeks because of the heat and those bright green eyes like some stones he had seen when he was a child.

>That guy was... very interesting.
Jack stared at him until he disappeared behind the brick wall. He took another bite from the loaf of bread in his hand and sighed "All right, Hiccup. You win."

>-End of Flashback-

"You what, Hiccup?"

>His father's deep voice brought him abruptly back to reality.
"Ah, yes... I was saying..." raved the brown-haired boy turning his eyes away and blushing slightly "Err, what were we-"

>"Your highness, the candidates have come to the palace." broke in a gentle voice.
A tall boy was bent in a deep bow at the feet of the sultan, wearing a dark suit who stood out on the pale skin and white hair.

>Stoick nodded "Good, good. You can go receive them."
Hiccup held

up a finger "I'll go with him, father." he said, and without waiting for the approval of the sultan he went down the low steps that separated the throne and the corridor, and walked toward the door with the servant.

>Jack looked down from his six feet and giggled, patting his hand on the other one's head "Shorter everytime we meet, aren't you? Oh, that turban... pffft... suits you."
"I won't give you a nudge in the stomach just because my father is staring at us" hissed Hiccup, trying to give at the same time forced smiles and embarrassed greetings to the people in the living room.

>"Oh, now I'm really terrified! Anyway, let's talk a little about you, aren't you excited? Besides, in a few hours you will meet your future wife." said Jack casually as continued walking.

>"Oh, sure, I'm so excited." replied Hiccup sarcastically.

>Jack sighed, clearly hearing the note of sadness in his friend's voice. "I'm sorry." he only said. His right hand moved slightly and went to touch Hiccup's hand's soft skin. The brown-haired boy forgot temporarily how to breathe, as Jack rubbed slightly his thumb against the other one's fingers "I guess it's not that pleasant to have to choose who to marry on the spot."
Hiccup's hand, needy of comfort, moved subconsciously towards the Jack's one. The brown-haired boy enjoyed the heat radiated from the body at his side for a few moments, but then he moved away reluctantly, not wanting to attract curious looks by the people around them. Jack tightened his hand into a fist. He wondered how long he had to wait before Hiccup would notice him.

>The servant quickly glanced at Hiccup, who carried on looking elsewhere and who seemed to be vaguely blushed. The truth was that Jack had a crush for the boy since that day, when they met for the first time. Jack was almost certain that Hiccup liked him too, but he had never dared to put himself on the line, because he feared that if he told Hiccup he liked him, their friendship would be over.
It seemed that giant objects could hear his ponderings, because suddenly the huge door loomed in front of them, tearing Jack out of his thoughts, as dozens of young women made their way in.

>"Welcome to the royal palace. Please make yourself comfortable, my father will come to receive you soon." announced Hiccup kneeling down and pointing with an arm the golden hall.
"Good evening to you all, lovely ladies." said Jack, bowing his head, flawless as usual.

>A chorus of "Oooh!" and "How cute!" rose from the female population.
Hiccup glared at him, and Jack laughed "What can I do, I've got way to much charm." he said, winking at him "Well, I kinda feel sorry for them."

>The brown-haired boy frowned.
What the heck meant that meaningless phrase?

The "selection time" was more difficult than what Hiccup had expected. The young candidates were all beautiful, with delicate faces, sweet eyes and shiny hair. The poor Hiccup had been forced to go over them one by one and to express an opinion, pressed by the inflexible stare of his father.

>The worst 40 minutes of his life, definitely.
Eventually, the boy managed to hide behind a column and was finally able to sigh of relief. He glanced at the hall: the dances had just begun, and several couples were already twirling in the wide lobby. Around the large central area a pair of large tables had been set, on which were placed all kinds of food and many drinks. Hiccup slid silently through the crowd and went to one of the tables, he then grabbed a

cup containing some reddish liquid and slipped away from the salon. No one addressed him: after all, the people participating at the ceremony were merchants, important figures or simply acquaintances of his father.

>After all, who cares about the slim and not-very-regal son of the sultan, thought Hiccup watching his father talking with some guests and laugh every once in a while. A little farther on, some female servants were flirting with some nice guys that came out of who knows where. People danced, drank, ate, and enjoyed themselves. The band's music filled the air of the room with cheerful melodies. Everyone had something to dedicate to. Except for...

>His emerald eyes wandered around the room, looking for someone who could keep him company. But that someone wasn't there. Thus, his legs took the initiative and began to walk. To where, Hiccup couldn't know.

His thoughts took off, once again wandering in the past.

>Since when I had become so attached to Jack? _From the moment he showed up at the palace and was taken as a servant?_

>Indeed, from that day on, the two had spent a lot of time together. The young Hiccup could hardly wait to meet him: when it was "lesson day", Jack went personally to Hiccup's room, in where the two used to spend the whole afternoon sitting around a table or lying on the bed while Hiccup was trying to teach Jack everything he knew about writing and reading. Jack loved lying on the bed along with Hiccup, because it meant listening to the brown-haired reading stories from some old books. He loved to hear his voice as he kept reading with his absorbed and concentrated voice, he could easily imagine the faces of the characters and their personalities. And, most important, he had the opportunity to snuggle up against him pretending to fall asleep; when the other noticed it he closed the book and began stroking shyly Jack's white hair, and actually Jack ended up falling asleep every single time.
When Hiccup didn't have to educate the other one, or the weather was good, the two of them used to meet at the porch that surrounded the inner garden, when the sun was high in the sky. Jack was always there waiting for him, leaning against the wall or sitting on a step. Sometimes he had caught him taking a nap under the sun, the delicate features of his face highlighted by the light and dark effects created by the solar rays and his pale hair almost shining, and Jack always justified himself saying that the job of the servant was quite challenging.

>My tired body needs a rest sometimes, you know, he used to say with that fascinating smirk of him.

>Until dinner, the day was devoted to fencing : Hiccup had a frail physique, and Jack had to have a lot of patience and start with the basics. Despite appearances, Jack was quite strong, and it took a long time before Hiccup could make him lose his balance slightly. It was swift, as agile as a gazelle, and as flexible as a reed. For Hiccup it had been a real pain, but in the end he managed to acquire some basic knowledge, much to the relief of the other.<p>

Hiccup awoke from his trance state only when a draft of fresh air caressed his cheek. He noticed that he had arrived on the main balcony of the palace, the one overlooking the garden. From that point you could enjoy a breathtaking view. The boy approached the railing and put his arms on it, he then looked up. At night, all the lanterns placed in every corner of the kingdom lit up the country with small bright lights, like millions of tiny fireflies. Above the palace, the moon was shining with a cold but bright light that

enlightened the surroundings, giving everything a slightly bluish shade.

>Hiccup shivered: during the day the heat could be unbearable, but when night fell the temperature reached very low degrees.
"What is a young prince like you doing out here, in this freezing night?"

>The brown-haired boy smiled as a small weight in the heart melted away "I do what you do. The antisocial." he said without turning around, shivering once again because of the cold. He had heard that voice hundreds of times, it was impossible not to recognize it.
Hiccup heard footsteps approaching slowly, and to distract himself he took a sip of the liquid he had taken a few moments before. It was kind of sweet, but with a bitter aftertaste that made him regret to have taste buds so sensitive.

>"But I'm just a mere servant" said the voice just behind him "Your Highness will be scandalized when he learns that his beloved son caught a cold on the day of his choice."
"As if I cared, right?" Hiccup said, turning and leaning his back against the railing. He raised his eyes, crossing his emerald gaze with the aquamarine one of the other and smiled "Jack."

>"Hey, Hic." muttered the other one softly "Are you okay?" he asked, moving a lock of brown hair that covered his right eye. Hiccup nodded "It 's a pain having to keep up with all these duties" he murmured moving the cup in a circulatory motion. Jack went to spread on the parapet at the side of his friend and sighed dramatically "What a ruler, you are... If I were you I'd become servant, is much less demanding." he said sarcastically.
Jack's words managed to snatch a smile from Hiccup's lips, who shook his head "Stupid."

>"But I was serious."
In response, Hiccup pinched his arm.

>"Ouch!" exclaimed Jack as he rubbed his arm, while Hiccup continued to swing the glass, absent-minded.
They kept staying that way for a while, the silence was the only sound they could hear.

>Suddenly, Jack frowned "I think you should tell him." he began saying, staring at an indefinite point in front of him "He might-"
"I can't" said almost immediately Hiccup, already knowing where the boy wanted to end up "You don't know how much I hate this, but... it's necessary. My father is right."

>"Necessary?" Jack said, raising his voice slightly "So you're saying that to be happy you must have a wife, children, and a kingdom to rule? That's what will make you happy, Hiccup?"
"But my father-"

>"My father here, my father up, my father down, blah blah blah. What are you, a puppet?"
"I... I just..."

>"Hey, listen, I just want you to be happy, Hiccup." said Jack, placing his elbow on the edge of the balcony and turning with his chest towards the boy "And I think... I think you're the one who must decide what to do with your future. That's a possibility I've never had . I was thrown into a street, forced to beg and even steal if I wanted to survive. It hurt me so much, Hiccup, I hated my life. I hated my parents for abandoning me. I hated myself for not having the strength to change. But then someone came. You came, and you saved me. Now I know what my path is. It's by your side, Hiccup."

"
"Jack..."

>"What is yours?"
Hiccup had kept looking down for the entire duration of the speech of the friend. It was the truth. And the truth was that he, the son of the sultan, was unable to choose.

>A few silent moments passed by, while Hiccup was thinking of something to say and Jack was watching him. In the end, the brown-haired boy nodded "You're right. But my dream will never come

true, so it's useless to fight."
"No, Hiccup." Jack said, taking his hands gently in his own "It's never useless fighting. The winner is not the one who always wins, but the one that, even if he loses, is never defeated. Always remember that."

>Suddenly, the tears that Hiccup had tried to hold back climbed painfully to the eyes and streamed down his cheeks. "I'm a wimp." he muttered, clenching his fists.
Jack said nothing. His arms wrapped around the boy's slender body shaken by sobs. Hiccup's head leaned over to his shoulder, which soon was drenched with tears.

>"Hey, hey, I've already taken a bath before!" joked Jack trying to comfort him "Shhh, it's okay. Cry if you want." His right hand began to slowly massage the back of the brown-haired boy, and he slowly seemed to calm down "It's all right. I'm here."
Hiccup was nervous and confused. He could feel his heart beating in unison with Jack's, his hand running down his back, his regular breathing smashing against that stupid white turban and touching his flushed ear. The contact with the other's body made him anxious, but at the same time it was warm and welcoming. The boy sank even more in the space left by his clavicle and blushed "Sorry."

>Jack laughed "About what?" he said, moving a little away from the other.
Hiccup clung again to the other and exclaimed, almost frightened "NO!"

>Jack blinked his eyes a few times, surprised "...What?"
"I mean... wait. I must look terrible, I don't want you to see me in this state. So... can we stay a little longer like this?" he asked, and sniffed.

>Jack laughed again. Hiccup just wanted the floor to open and swallow him.
"I'm that funny?" he pouted.

>"Sure. You're also clumsy and awkward. You don't know how to fight with swords, you have no success with women and you aren't popular among your subjects at all." listed the white-haired boy, drawing back a little and smiling at his address "But this is what I like about you, Hiccup. You are perfect as you are. Badump.

>Hiccup's face became burgundy and he covered his eyes with his hands, embarrassed as he had been a very few times in his life "W-What are y-you t-trying to sa-"<p>

Hiccup couldn't finish the sentence. Something stopped him. Something warm. And soft...

>The brown-haired boy dropped his arms in disbelief.
Jack... is he kissing me?!

>Jack's lips were velvety, pressed against his. The kiss lasted for a few seconds, and when the two split up, Hiccup's face went once again red and the boy began to babble rambling phrases.
"W-what...

J-Jack, you... I don't... I..."

>Jack's cheeks also took a slight shade of pink, and he tried to hide the embarrassment with a nervous laugh "I'm sorry, um. I just... couldn't resist anymore." he admitted, scratching the base of his neck.
Hiccup, somehow, found the courage to look up, straight into the other's one eyes and whispered "W-Well... about that... I didn't think I would have given my first... kiss... to you."

>Jack widened his eyes in surprise "Was that your first kiss?"

>Hiccup pouted "Yeah, so what? Aren't you okay with that?"
"No, it's just..." said the other thoughtfully "...wait a sec, are you telling me you've never kissed a girl?"

>The brown-haired boy shook his head.
"So you wanted to see if you had success with men" Jack chuckled.

>"That's not true!" Hiccup shouted, giving him a little kick "It's

all your fault!"
"Ouch." squirmed Jack "You're saying that you like me, then?" he inquired bluntly, placing his hands on either side of the boy, trapping him between the rail and his body.
>"No. I mean, yes. I mean... technically..."<p>

"Oh, you talk too much." said Jack pulling his arms and pressing his lips against Hiccup's. The boy, caught by surprise again, moved his mouth involuntarily giving movement to the kiss. Jack's tongue didn't wait longer, and gently stroked the other's lower lip, which groaned and opened his mouth allowing the companion to sneak inside. Hiccup thought it was perfect. That unexpected contact made him feel so damn good. The brown-haired boy moved shyly his tongue, that immediately went to meet her sister, starting a slow and wet dance.

>Hiccup groaned against Jack's lips, tightening his hands around his shirt. Jack reached out the white turban and threw it to the ground, while the other hand, the one that until then had wandered aimlessly along his hip, lifted the top of his luxurious clothes and slipped quickly behind his naked back, beginning to caress the smooth and slightly sweaty skin.
After a while, the two parted apart again. The prince took a huge breath of fresh air, realizing that he was in a state of apnea until that moment.

>"Very resourceful, aren't we?" was Jack's comment, while panting.
"You stupid!"

>The white-haired boy smiled and leaned his forehead against Hiccup's "I think I love you, you know?"
The simplicity of that revelation made Hiccup's heart lose a beat, and the boy could only mutter "Uh. Uh, what should I say, um, in this moment?"

>Jack smiled with delight "How could I know? You can say 'Out of the palace you damn pervert, now!' or 'I love you Jack! Take me to the bedroom and make me yours!' or maybe 'The sun is yellow and the sky is blue '. You can say many things, don't you think?"
"Jack, I'm not joking!"

>"I am."
The brown frowned "You think this is a joke, then. You're kidding me."

>"I would never make fun of your feelings, Hiccup."
The sincerity of that statement had the power to displace Hiccup, who opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something, but then he closed it again.

>"You said you have a dream, before" said Jack out of the blue.
"My, err... my desire was to spend... a little more time with you, uh. Yeah."

>"How much, exactly?" investigated the white-haired boy raising his eyebrows.
"Well..."

>"Prince Hiccup" interrupted a female voice "The sultan asks for your presence."
"Astrid" said the brown stepping instantly aside from Jack's body, rubbing his arm embarrassed "All right, I'm coming."

>The blonde girl nodded, she then glanced at the servant close to Hiccup and said flatly "Jack, you should help us to remove the tables."
"Of course."

>As soon as the girl had gone, Hiccup sighed "It's time for me to choose."
"I'm sure you'll make the best choice." said Jack ruffling his hair. Then the servant straightened up his jacket and marched towards the hall.

>Hiccup grabbed the turban from the ground, tried to set it on his head the best he could and followed suit, after throwing a look at the shining moon.
She was so big, and so bright.

When Hiccup entered the entrance of the hall, a few hundred heads turned to watch him. People instantly divided into two wings, showing

the long crimson carpet that reached the royal throne, where his father Stoick and a figure wrapped in white clothes were standing, waiting for him.

>The boy stepped forward, feeling all those eyes on himself. The minute he used to catch up with his father seemed the longest of his life. On his right, in the corner, he saw Jack leaning against a column. The servant kept his eyes down, covered by white hair. He seemed to be upset.
When he came to the end of the red carpet, his father greeted him with a kind smile "Are you ready, Hiccup?"

>The brown-haired boy didn't answer, and his eyes fell on the small figure beside his massive father. It was a girl, and he recognized her immediately: she was one of many candidates that came to the palace. His hair was dark ivory color, she had a pair of bright eyes and a curvy body that many girl of her age would have been envious of.
Then Stoick talked, his booming voice echoing across the hall "I took the liberty of choosing for you, considering that you didn't show up for the last forty minutes."

>Hiccup took a few moments to understand the meaning of that phrase. Then he said "It's an injustice." but it was already too late.
His father ignored him, he opened his arms to the crowd and announced "My son has finally found a wife!"

>A round of applause started from the first lines, and then expanded to the whole hall. Hiccup felt his head spin.
"Father..."

>The girl gently lifted the veil, revealing a perfect face, then she smiled.
The brown-haired boy didn't know the meaning of that smile, but he perfectly knew it was a fake one. They both knew it. She probably wanted to marry him only because of the money. Those people, that girl, the wedding... that wasn't right. Nothing was fair, there. His gaze wandered among the people, and crossed Jack's look. In his eyes he could read helplessness, anger, sadness.

>Hiccup bit his lower lip, while his ears grasped some distant words pronounced by his father. His eyes darted from side to side nerve of the golden hall. His heart pulsated painfully, his head seemed about to explode. His thoughts were confused.
_What should I do?

>The guests were waiting, quivering. Everyone expected the same: the boy would accept the girl's hand and make a kind of speech, so that they would be able to return to their homes to get a good night's sleep._

>Hiccup was torn. The rational part of him was screaming not to bring into question his father's plans. His instinctive part stood gently behind him touching his shoulder, telling him to do what he felt like doing. Reason against instinct, brain versus heart, in an endless tug of war. But the brain stumbled, and was the heart the one who cut the finish line. The boy glanced again at Jack and made a decision._

>"Wait a minute." said to his father, but he was talking out loud and didn't seem to hear him. So he tried to raise his voice "Father, just a second." but the sultan kept talking and gesturing._

>For a moment, the brown-haired boy lost hope. What could he do? He hadn't the strength to oppose his father's final decision._

>Or maybe... yes._

>Hiccup took a deep breath, narrowed his eyes and shouted "HOLD ON!"_

>For the second time, many pairs of eyes rested on him. Stoick frowned "What are you trying to-"_

>"I won't marry this girl."_

>Whispers began to spread among the guests. The sultan stared at him, and the girl in white seemed about to beat him, judging by the tic that had come to her right eye. Probably she had seen money and power slipping before her eyes and disappear forever._

>Hiccup began to speak, hoping that Jack was still there, or at least could hear "I... I've always been different from the others and, well, you can see that. And I also know that this marriage is important, to keep maintaining the dynasty. But I'm still not able to rule a kingdom as vast as this, I'm not even 18! " He paused and glanced to his father "I won't marry this girl, she deserves a happy ending as much as I deserve it." he said, smiling weakly at her address. She nodded in agreement._

>"It doesn't matter if you love her or not! You'll marry her, end of story!" roared Stoick._

>"You can't force me, Father... I have a dream." Hiccup looked at Jack, who raised his head, suddenly interested "Some time ago I met a person. He was different and alone, just like me, but he treated me as a brother, because he had no one. Since that day, I realized that being different isn't always a bad thing. Actually, the different ones are lucky: these small distinctions present in each of us make us mature, in order to create a better world. So... I'm asking you to go beyond appearances. People are much more than what you can learn just by looking at them, and the world is much, much bigger than we think. If a person has only learned to count up to seven, it doesn't mean that eight doesn't exist, don't you think? " Hiccup took a little break to study the people's reactions. They seemed quite interested, so he continued "That's why, today, I propose to annul the marriage. It's just... not the right time. When it will come, we will make the right choice, all together. That's all I had to say. I was able to figure it out thanks to this person; if he hadn't come in my life like that, out of the blue, at this time I probably wouldn't be who I am. I looked at him, and I saw myself. And my dream is to stay at his side as long as the gods grant us. "_

>At the end of the improvised speech, Hiccup bowed and stepped back, leaving the word to his father._

>Stoick had his arms folded, and he was constantly blinking. The son looked at him incredulous._

>Could he possibly be moved..?
He then glanced at the room, and realized that a lot of people actually held decorated handkerchiefs in their hands, other sniffing trying to be silent.

>"My son" suddenly said the sultan "has today proved to have the essential qualities to rule the kingdom. Wisdom, charisma and intelligence. Unfortunately, only in this moment I've noticed my wrong behavior, but when my time will come I will be peaceful, because I'll know that the kingdom is in good hands. "_

>The public swallowed waiting for the final verdict._

>Stoick put a hand on Hiccup's left shoulder and sighed "That is reason why today we don't celebrate any marriage."_

>To Hiccup's big surprise, the crowd erupted in a roar of rejoice. The youngest ones were shouting and others were pirouetting and twirling, while the adults smiled and nodded, thinking that this was probably the right thing to do._

>The girl in white bowed in sign of farewell and retired into a small group of young women, her companions, who surrounded her in an apprehensive embrace and then mixed with other people._

>Hiccup turned towards his father, wringing his hands "I-I'm sorry I messed up all your programs, father." he said nervously._

>Stoick held up a hand "I've been an insensitive parent all this

time, not listening to the requests of his son."_
>"So... you're not mad at me?" asked the brown-haired boy cautiously._
>The sultan laughed. Hiccup opened wide his eyes: his father hadn't laughed for, like, _ages._
>"Hah! Do not worry, Hiccup. When the right time comes we will decide together." he said. Then, after looking furtively around, Stoick took his son by the shoulders and dragged him into a dark corner "Now, tell me a little bit about this... special person, hm?" he said conspiratorially.
Hiccup blushed to the tips of his ears.

>Ok, now what? How the hell do I tell him?
"We're talking about Jack, aren't we?" said then the sultan.
>The brown gasped "Yes, NO! No, nonono... Well. To tell the truth... uhm..."_
>Stoick laughed again "What kind of son I have! Not only thin and clumsy, but you also go after men!"
>Hiccup pulled his turban to the chin. In that moment he would have given anything to die strangled.
Stoick lowered his voice "It's okay, Hiccup. If you feel that he's the right person, there's nothing to be ashamed of."
>Hiccup peered from the headgear "Dad... but how..."_
>"How do I know that? Well, let's say a little bird told me that she saw you two on the balcony..."_
>Hiccup frowned, then followed his father's gaze and saw Astrid leaning against a column on the opposite side of the hall, who winked at him._
>Hiccup blushed and stammered "W-Well! I should, uh, go now. Yeah, I have some business to... deal with."_
>"Sure, sure." Stoick nodded apprehensive. Hiccup was about to turn on his heels and leave, when Stoick added with a grin "I saw Jack getting out from the side door, if it can be of your interest."_

>"DAD!" Hiccup exclaimed. The boy took off his turban, throwing it at his shoulders, and tried to hurry up.
>He wasn't really anxious to hear his father talking about his love affairs.
No, thank you.

Many, many days passed by, since when he felt good for the last time. In that period many things happened; he met Jack, he grew trying to be a good prince and kept fighting against his father's programs. Now, the sultan was supporting him, and Hiccup was finally at peace with himself. He was sure he did the right thing, explaining his ideas behind his point of view.

>Well, it had been a bit embarrassing talking about Jack in public, even if he didn't make his name, but oh well. That was already part of the past.
His feet carried him automatically to the balcony. Hiccup smiled: he was there, his white hair slightly messy because of a gentle breeze. He seemed to be waiting for him.
>"You're late" said the servant with a smile "It's not convenient for a prince to be late."
"Oh, well, excuuuuuse me sir!" said Hiccup slowly approaching the other. A shiver ran down his spine "Uh, it's still kinda cold here."
>"Come here then, , and let me hug you." said Jack squeezing Hiccup in a warm embrace. The brown-haired boy stayed with his arms pressed against his chest and rested his head on Jack's shoulder.
"Nice speech, anyway." said Jack suddenly, without letting go of his grip on Hiccup.
>"No, it was pathetic" muttered Hiccup "Well, like the speaker. But at least I avoided marriage."
Jack laughed "And now everyone knows

that you have an admirer."

>"T-Technically, nobody should know nothing. But my father..."
"Stoick said something?"

>"He knew, and a bit too much in my opinion. Actually, he reminded me of one of those old gossipers who know everything about everyone."
Jack laughed again and raised a hand to pass it through Hiccup's hair "Are you ok with this?"

>"What, that all may know that the sultan's son has a lover? Yeah, why not. I wasn't expecting anything else since I was born." said Hiccup sarcastically, looking up to the sky.
Jack put a finger on his lips and smirked "In that case we'll keep the secret. Does that sound good to your royal ears?" he murmured, gently biting his ear lobe.

>"Y-Yeah..." whispered Hiccup, standing on tiptoe to give Jack a shy kiss.
Jack's lips were cool, in contact with his hot ones. Jack pulled more the brown-haired boy towards himself, and Hiccup felt his lips stretching into a smile as he kissed him.

>After a few moments they broke apart. Jack chuckled, rubbing his thumb against Hiccup's red cheek "What an adorable face you have. I'm getting used to this. Well, almost."
Hiccup smiled back "I wonder what people will say when they'll find out. I think they'll haunt me with torches and pitchforks, or something."

>"They can say and do what they want. I won't allow anyone to put their claws on you!" Jack joked nipping at his nose "Not until you have fulfilled your dream."
"My dream...?"

>"Weren't you talking about wanting to stay with me until gods grant us time?" Jack said mimicking the solemn voice that Hiccup had used earlier.

>"I-I wasn't talking about you."
"As if."

>"I might always change my mind, you know." threatened the prince blushing again.
"I don't think you will." said the other one jokingly.

>"I will punish you then!" said Hiccup stubbornly.
"Mmmh, I'm looking forward to it." purred Jack mischievously, licking his lips.

>Hiccup gave him a light punch on the chest, then frowned "Anyway, about my dream... I won't know if I'll manage to fulfill my wish... well, until forever."
Jack held him firmly and smiled, his heart full of happiness and hope as it had never been for many years. The big, bright moon above their heads was the only silent spectator that night, and was the only one to hear the words full of love that the guy with white hair said a second later.

>"I'm afraid we'll have to wait until forever, then."<p>

-The End-

blushes I'm quite satisfied with this, but there are lots of excellent writers out there. So yeah.

>I think I'll curl up in a ball and wait for something to happen.<p>

End
file.